

THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

VOL. III.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1849.

NO 10.

The Principles of Nature.

THE SPIRIT AND ITS CULTURE.*

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

I come now to consider the divine essence and image in man.

1. SELF LOVE is the Germ of all the Divine elements of the human Soul; it is the great central spring or angel of love which unfolds, protects, defines and characterizes the individual.

Self Love is the germ of the Soul, because it not only contains every other and higher element and attribute undeveloped, but gives life and force to all the minute and various modifications, of feeling, and sentiment, and selfish propensities by which every spirit is more or less characterized and individually distinguished. In the natural and undeveloped development of the Spirit, Self Love stands first and performs the mission assigned to its position and capacity. At first, or while in its infancy, it inspires a sense of self-hood in the mind. It causes the individual to *feel separate* from others; the feeling is undefined, and extends no farther than the circle of self.

From Self-Love proceed various animal wants; a strong love of mere existence; hence the general instinctive impulses to self-preservation, self-protection, and self-gratification. A disposition to self-culture, self-investigation, and self-harmonization, flows legitimately from this central source. The perceptions, conceptions, and dependencies, of the individual as related to this love, seem to extend only to the limited boundaries of selfhood. A strong and powerful tendency is manifested with reference to desires, necessities, and gratifications. The spirit is influenced greatly by desires to gratify the eye, the ear, the taste, the smell, and the sense of touch. The simple instinct of appropriating every visible thing to self-preservation, and self-gratification, seems the first and earliest manifestation and effort of mind. The individual is in search of individual happiness; and in the *natural* development of the spiritual elements, these searchings, and efforts, and exertions are generally confined to the discharge of personal duties and to the gratification of personal desires.

The eye, the ear, the taste, the smell, have almost endless demands upon Nature, and human inventions for their gratification. Self-Love, left to its own promptings and impetuosités, would urge the individual into many dangerous and destructive excesses. Love without Wisdom is blind. But the rudimental—the infant stage of spiritual development,—is ever characterized by selfish, limited, and impulsive desires, conceptions, pleasures, and demands. The selfishness and limitedness of these love-promptings, however, render their incipient efforts and gratifications quite easy, and quite ephemeral. Self exertions are found to be but half-exertions; and self-happiness is but half-happiness. The circle of mere self-love and education is soon completed or filled, at which moment its incompleteness and emptiness are rendered more strikingly apparent, and the indi-

vidual experiences, probably for the first time, a deep consciousness of half-existence, of incompleteness, of a want of something beyond the mere sphere of self-hood and self-efforts. At this point, then, self-love widens and elevates its self into another form.

2. CONJUGAL LOVE is the refinement and expansion of the Self-love element; it is the angel of love which spontaneously reveals the internal affinities and natural relations which subsist between the male and female principles, universally. The union of spirit to spirit—a *true marriage*—is the first and earliest desire of conjugal Love. Self must be completed, and supported, and absorbed, as it were, by its union with another and corresponding self. Reciprocal attachments, dependencies, gratification, assistance, and companionship, are the deep thirstings and powerful demands of the connubial element. This love moves the spirit to seek a marriage in all things. It is not limited merely to sexual unions, but desires relation and marriage to any and every thing which seems to promise congeniality and happiness. Self-Love has now grown to conjugal love, or to the full conviction that self-efforts and happiness are nothing compared with what a unity of spirits and efforts can accomplish for the gratification, protection, preservation, and happiness of one another. The marriage of love with love, or angel with angel, or truth with truth, or impulse with impulse, and the spirit with higher good and happiness, is the marriage which conjugal love prompts the individual to consummate.

But this Love, if unguided and not restrained by the positive influence and admonitions of Wisdom, will run into many extremes and unhappy consequences. It is termed the "*angel of love*," because it is, as well as all other loves, the actuating or female element to which Wisdom is a protection and a guardian angel. Love is the female, and Wisdom is the male Principle in the Soul. But the natural development of Conjugal Love is *complete* when it finds its self united to a corresponding love, at which point it feels *incomplete* if it has no living types and representatives of the advanced or expanded self-hood. The generations and proliferations of the *oneness* ultimate in self-extension, self-multiplication, and self-representation—in other words, conjugal love widens and develops its self into another form.

3. PARENTAL LOVE is the refinement and expansion of the conjugal element; it is the Angel of Love which prompts the individual to embody or represent its peculiar characteristics in the form, life, and deeds of another. A love of offspring is the next in order. Still the circle of self expands, and new selfhoods are the consequences of its expansion. Children are the evidences and results of the extension of the individual, physical and spiritual possessions. Parental love is not satisfied with the mere acquirement of children, but it reaches far into moral and spiritual things. Facts, doctrines, opinions, sentiments, poetry, truth, ideas, and every thing which the mind is capable of bringing forth, or giving birth to, are vitalized and fostered tenderly by the parental element. Every thing the spirit can produce is fondly caressed and considered its child or offspring. This element of the spirit will naturally embrace the phrenological organs, or selfish propensities, termed Philoprogenitiveness and acquisitiveness; for the influence and capacities of these faculties are exerted and manifested by the internal and external operations of the Parental Love,

*Continued from p. 133.

The individual also sees, hears, feels, and conceives more than before; this is the age of *VIVIDITY*; the age of *ANALYSIS* and *IMAGERY* being already past. Efforts, exertions, desires, and happiness, are much dependent upon companionship, co-operation, and expansion of personal capacity. The spiritual *oneness* requires the sympathy and assistance of social combinations. It is now discovered that self-love depends, not only on Conjugal Love, and Conjugal Love on Parental Love, for happiness and development, but they all—the *oneness*, the *trinity*—are dependent upon a still greater circle of being and development.

4. **FRATERNAL LOVE** is the refinement and expansion of the Parental element; it is the Angel of Love which prompts the individual to preserve his individuality, protect his interests, and perfect his happiness, by preserving the individuality, protecting the interests, and perfecting the happiness of his Neighbors. A love of Society is next in order. Friendships are conceived in the spirit, and promiscuous associates are sought and cherished. The welfare of other spirits, and how to render individuals contented and happy, are inquiries which are prompted by Fraternal Love. Gentleness, kindness, tenderness, charitableness, religious solicitude, and political movements are the characteristics of the fraternal element. Interests and feelings are respected and protected. This element of love is ardent and impetuous—it zealously pervades and embraces the social, political, national, intellectual, spiritual, and eternal interests of friends and society. It impresses the individual with the dependence and assistance which one spirit feels upon and requires of another. It opens the avenues of sympathy in the soul, and manifests great earnestness of purpose in the individual, respecting the relations and general interests of every friend and other individual who contributes to the formation of society.

Fraternal Love is impulsive, and when unguided by Wisdom, will create, in her unbounded affection for, and exertions to benefit, others, many excesses and inequalities. Outward society is not alone the object of fraternal desire. Doctrines, principles, ideas, sciences, philosophy, congenial books, employments, and amusements, are the social companions of this Love. All inspiration from men or angels, is sought after and fondly cherished by the fraternal Love. The manifestation of mind, designated by phrenological writers as *inhabitiveness*, *adhesiveness*, and *benevolence*, are legitimately developed by the fraternal Love; and all we know of Social and Domestic propensities is exhibited by this element of affection, whether its exhibition be confined to the society of individuals, or to the society of principles, employments, and divine things. But this spiritual affection is completely unfolded

“When the bright chain of Love, that God hath given,
Shall extend from heart to heart, and thence to Heaven.”

For fraternal affection is naturally confined to friendship and attachments; and should any other form of Love appear it is referable to another Love or a higher development of the indwelling spirit. But now is unfolded another form.

5. **FILIAL LOVE**. This is the refinement and expansion of the Fraternal element; it is the Angel of Love which prompts the individual to fix his attention and bestow his affections upon the Positive and Superior in every thing and every where—to place them upon the good or great, upon the Majestic, the Spiritual, the Supreme, upon the Divine and the Deity. (It should be borne in mind that I am now considering the *actuating* loves or elements of the spirit in their true, *unperverted* form of development and mode of manifestation.) Filial Love is a love of physical fathers, social fathers, national fathers, religious fathers, and patriarchs. It is the source of every religious sentiment or spiritual prompting. It gives rise to a love of truth for truth's sake, good for good's sake, and to all noble aspirations. It is a high and holy Love; for it sees divinity, goodness, majesty, spirituality, and God in all things and every where. The tendency to seek for, and believe in, spiritual influences and existences,

which mankind universally manifest, is phrenologically termed *marvellousness*,—which is the name of an organ among the moral or religious sentiments. But it will appear reasonable, I think, that *Marvellousness* as well as *Sublimity*, *Ideality*, and *Veneration*, are terms significant of certain manifestations of mind, which naturally arrange themselves under the embracing title of Filial Love.

Filial Love is an angel, because it is the prompting and vitalizing cause of every high and noble sentiment; it teaches the Spirit of God, and conveys the soul to heavenly joys and spheres of immortal duration. Worship of Authority, of Truth, and Good, and Deity, is the natural tendency of the Filial element. But even while the spirit is delighting and refreshing its self with the unfoldings of this powerful Love, it is not perfectly satisfied. Something more is required. The Soul feels the separateness or difference between each Love or Desire, and its gratification. Self-Love is measured by Self, Conjugal is measured by Conjugal, Parental by Parental, Fraternal by Fraternal, and Filial by Filial Love; and each has a circle of action and desire wherein it finds its gratification; but there is some wider circle, there is more room for expansion, and this is the *first desire* of the spirit—the desire for Liberty. Filial Love is therefore unfolded into another form.

6. **UNIVERSAL LOVE** is the refinement and expansion of the Filial element; it is the Angel of Love which reveals a Universal sympathy, a universal dependence, a universal liberty, and a universal relationship. A love of liberty is the next in order. Universal love expands the ideal and real Self-love, Conjugal-love, Parental-love, Fraternal-love, and Filial-love, to its utmost capacity. Every thing is comprehensively admired; every thing is generalized, every thing universalized. The Universal moral faculties, sentiments, aspirations, and attractions of the spirit are developed and permitted their full, unrestricted action in the Temple of this Love. Liberty! unbounded, undefined, unspeakable liberty, is the positive demand of this indwelling element. And this love is an Angel because it teaches the spirit to individually, Conjugally, Parentally, Fraternally, and Filially behold, acknowledge, and cherish the universal dependence and oneness of all things. Universal Love, being naturally developed from Filial Love, is the highest, holiest, divinest element in the human spirit.

I have now considered the Loves in reference to their order of position in the mental structure of Man, and also in reference to their legitimate development and action. But much requires to be said upon the *wrong* development and the *wrong* action of these loves; for there are many evils in families and societies which have their origin in no way revealed or explained in the *true* analysis or growth of the soul. I will therefore state in advance of the main considerations on this interesting and important point, that the human Loves—or, more truthfully speaking, the Divine Loves in the human form, have three modes of action—two are wrong, and one is right. They have an *INVERTED ACTION*—A NATURAL OR RIGHT ACTION—AND AN *EXTREME ACTION*. The wrong actions, or modes of the manifestation of the divine loves in man, are owing to a single cause or a combination of causes, not one of which is justly imputable to the self, will or desire of the individual. But of this I will speak in another place. It is now necessary to direct the attention to the development of Wisdom. And here let it be understood that Love is the spring, and Wisdom is the balance wheel; or Love is the motive power, and Wisdom is the graduating and justice distributing faculty of the human mind. Wisdom is not impetuous, and never has an *Intercal or extreme* action; but it has different modes of expression in different spirits—different only in its progressive degrees of development in the *right* and Divine direction.

1. **USE** is the central and foundation attribute of Wisdom in the human soul. It is the Guardian Angel of Self Love; and his mission is to preside over the sphere of Utility, and to employ every thing in reference to universal good and according to

its original design. Use is the central and foundation attribute, because it brings the individual in direct communication with the outward, physical world. It watches over the wants and promptings of self-love, as the parent watches the impetuous child. Use enables the mind to place a true estimation on every thing; to properly discriminate the utility and practicability of every thing; and to form correct ideas of the Individuality, the Structure, the Size, and the quantity or number of any and every thing presented to it in the physical world. Use teaches how to supply physical wants; and teaches for what purposes the supply is internally demanded and externally bestowed. The physical organization requires nourishment, and Use teaches the individual to cultivate the earth. It teaches how to make fruit, grain, grass, and animals grow. It suggests and presides over the invention of, agricultural implements. It teaches how to systematically reap, gather, and chemically prepare grains, and other nourishing substances, for the supply of the physical wants and necessities. Self-love desires the excessive gratification of *Taste*, and prompts the individual to eat much, and frequently; but Use restrains and teaches the natural qualities and proper arrangement of *flavors*, and admonishes when to take them, and in what quantities.

While self-love impatiently demands, and blindly searches every place and thing for, *Odors* to gratify the *Smell*, Use leads the individual forth into the fields of Nature and teaches him what perfumes can be extracted, and how to extract them; and then explains the innumerable advantages which may arise from the proper gratification of this sense, and how to permanently secure them to the individual. The sense of hearing, or the *ear*, desires gratification; and while Self-love is blind, and willfully appropriates every sweet *sound* and accent without reference to time or order, Use invents the truest instruments and teaches their truest application. And so with the desire to gratify the eye.—Use presides over the sphere of *color*, and directs the individual with reference to dress, and colors, and lights and shades, and to arrange them with reference to the cultivation of that sense and of all the senses equally. Thus it is seen that Self-Love desires gratification *merely because* it delights, and that Use gratifies *because* it cultivates the individual and renders his happiness pure.

To my mind, the *science of taste* is the first development of Wisdom; and *whatever direction* the spirit receives from the impulses of Self-Love and the admonitions of Wisdom in the beginning of its present existence, will operate, more or less visibly, upon the individual life thereafter—just as hereditary bias will manifest its self upon the physical and spiritual organization. Thus it is evident that primary organization, direction, and education, are the three essential particulars which require the combined attention of Parents and Reformers. The science of taste, or the perception and development of the beautiful, lies at the foundation of physical wants, and of Wisdom in the Spirit. The Esthetic Philosophy of Schiller is based wholly upon Utility; and the sublimest philosophy, with which the world was ever made acquainted, takes Use for its center and foundation.

The spiritual attribute of Use embraces, or contains undeveloped, every other and higher principle of internal direction. According to phrenological definitions, the intellectual or observing faculties, termed Individuality, Form, Size, Language, and Calculation, are simply subdivisions of the attribute of Use. As self-love runs through and gives certain inclinations to all the elements of Love, so does Use run through and give to every attribute of Wisdom, a personality, and a corresponding influence upon the physical and moral world. The mission of Use evidently is to lead and teach the Self-Love and the individual how and when to employ the provisions of Nature and Deity to the end that gratification, and happiness may be permanently secured to the spirit. All sciences grow out of this attribute. In truth it may be said that *science* is but a correct cognizance and classification of material conditions, qualities, individ-

ualities, configurations, magnitudes, colors, phenomena, and quantities; and this recognition and classification are legitimizing the works of Use, as this attribute is defined in the foregoing analysis of the spiritual structure. In every thing Use is really *root of principle*—it is very laconic, very simple, and is very easily perceived when predominating over other faculties; as, for example, when it gives its self the particular guardianship of Self-love and self-education.

2. Justice is a more perfect form and a greater manifestation of the attribute of Use; it is the guardian angel of Conjugal Love; and his mission is to *adjust* and *balance* all spontaneous attachments, fix natural relations, and preserve the equilibrium of things. Justice leads a the spirit into direct communication with relations, unions and reconstructions. Justice presides over conjugal Love, and instructs that female principle of the Soul to find and unite its self with another, whose physical wants, latent inclinations, primary education and general constitution, are in every way, *compatible* with its life and economical. Justice will not permit selfishness, or conjugal Love to influence upon, or in any possible manner to retard, the development of truth and history consequent. The mission of the attribute of Justice is such as to unite the individual into an internal harmonization of the physical creation. The phrenological faculties of *Conscience*, *Locality*, *Weight*, *Time*, *Taste*, *Comparation*, and *Construction* are naturally arranged themselves under the comprehensive attribute of Justice. The right, the truth, the moral relation, and the balance of everything, and the upon another, are embodied in the instructions of this attribute of Wisdom. Justice is what teaches the spiritual principle of relative positions, eternal unchangeable correspondences, universal analogies or correspondences, and principles or Laws of universal movements, and how to judge, with laudative discrimination and correctness, between the seeming and the actual, the visible and the eternal. The beautiful accuracy of Geography, Geometry, Mathematics, and Arithmetical calculation, are alone dependent upon the attribute of Justice for existence and true appreciation. In the spiritual world, Justice is the guardian angel of all attachments, and reigns over all the spirit can comprehend of moral righteousness. With the Deity, Justice is both means and end in the elaboration of the material and spiritual Universe—the whole is *adjusted* and *balanced* by this internal attribute. Justice teaches the spirit to comprehend what is Truth, and Light, and Freedom, and teaches it how to avoid infingement upon the Laws and principles which operate with a free and undeviating precision in the material, intellectual, and spiritual constitution of things. This attribute is so Divine and all comprehensive that it supplies my soul with every desirable conception of religious equity and perfection. It demonstrates true religion to consist in Self-justice, Fraternal-justice, and Universal-justice. In Law, in politics, in philosophy, and in religion this attribute is the standard Authority of the well-developed Soul.

3. Power is a more perfect form and a greater manifestation of Justice; it is the guardian angel of Parental Love; and his mission is to impart serene strength and energy to every affection—to elaborate, to enlarge, and execute the designs of Use and Right—and to expand into the sublime sphere of omnipotency. This attribute brings the spirit into direct communication with the moving, changing, and reproductive World. It teaches the spirit to take counsel and just cognizance of motive-forces; how to guide the Parental Love in its various modes of manifestation; how to generate and to moderate influence and strength; and how to employ the great variety of functions which Nature and the human understanding. All mechanical powers are recognized and appropriated only by this internal attribute—the screw, the lever, the weight, the centripetal, and centrifugal forces, are its instrumentalities in the outer expression of interior designs. Use informs of Utility; Justice informs of right; and Power executes their united designs. The sphere

of Power is measured by the circle in which Parental Love is found to lead the Spirit. Every thought and affection is energized by Power. It directs the Loves beneath, and renders them capable of penetrating the darkest recess in Nature and Man, and empowers them to overcome every thing in the physical and moral world which mars or disturbs the progressing and developing soul.

Use directs the artist, how and where to procure proper material for the elaboration of whatever his parental Love prompts him to unfold; Justice directs him how to arrange and combine colors, how to individualize and properly to impress the lights and shades upon his creation; and Power fills him with serene assurance. By it he gives an expression, an attitude, an influence to his internal conception which rivets the attention of the beholder, and fills him with admiration.

Inspired with Use and Justice, and having every love-spring thereby guided and in subordination, what vast work can not the mechanic cause to be accomplished by the attribute of Power? No delicate invention or stupendous mountain, is too intricate or powerful for him—he has power to make the rough places smooth, and the crooked straight.

The spirit is capable by its Power of subduing its self and the various creations beneath it in nature. A magnetic influence proceeds from the human spirit which is adequate to the fulfilment of every design instituted by the preceding attributes. Its power ramifies and intensifies infinitely; and spreads out into such boundless waves as to blend with, or lose its self in, the sublime omnipotence of the Divine Mind.

4. **BEAUTY** is a more perfect form and a greater manifestation of *Power*; it is the guardian angel of Fraternal Love, and his mission is to teach Harmony, appropriateness, symmetry, and the dependence of parts or persons upon one another—to make every thing an embodiment of *Use, Justice, and Power*. This is the attribute which takes cognizance of the fitness and just relations of forms, colors, size, weight, and influences of any and every thing presented to the spirit. Beauty is a condition, but it can only be recognized and appreciated by a corresponding internal state or attribute in the individual. In proportion as the Wisdom faculties become unfolded, does the spirit perceive and estimate the proper relation of one thing, or part, to another, and the *whole* to the end for which it was designed.

Fraternal Love is the companion—the conjugal companion of the attribute of Beauty. This love inspires, and Beauty is her manifestation. The just relation of members to the family circle, the just relation of families to the Social circle, the just relation of societies to the national circle or union, are subjects of the cognizance of this internal attribute. The sphere of Beauty is measured by the sphere in which Fraternal Love moves and leads the expanding and searching spirit. Beauty is manifested in its guardianship over the impetuosities and impatient demands of Fraternal Love. Instead of allowing this love to run into various extremes and local excesses, Beauty guides it into a path of progressive developments; and thereby renders it intensely *useful, just, powerful, and Beautiful*.

Guided by the male or positive principle of Beauty, Fraternal Love expands far and wide; and thus it is that, through the influence and instrumentality of this attribute,

“Each virtuous mind will wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The center moved, a circle straight succeeds
Another still, and still another spreads:
Friend, kindred, neighbor, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race.”

In the scientific, philosophical, moral, social, national, and spiritual spheres of companionship and human interest, the presiding judge is the sublime attribute of Beauty. Its mission is to make every thing an embodiment of *Use, Justice, and Power*,—every thing *Beautiful*, because it is locally and generally *useful, just, and powerful*,

5. **ASPIRATION** is a more perfect form and a higher manifestation of *Beauty*; it is the guardian angel of Filial Love; and his mission is to impart a definite form, position, and importance to every thing—to teach the pre-eminency of intrinsic worth and merit—and to establish the predominance of Mind over Matter. This attribute brings the spirit into direct communication with the meta-physical world. It teaches the spirit that to be worthy it must aspire worthily, to be good it must aspire to goodness, to be God-like, it must aspire to God. It dignifies, and elevates, and gives a perfect form to whatever Filial Love prompts under the combined influence of the preceding attributes. Aspiration is the true basis of every true idea concerning goodness, greatness and Deity. Self-dignity, self-esteem, self-reliance, self-possession, are the legitimate fruits of this noble portion of Reason. Filial Love inspires the spirit to veneration; and *Aspiration* humanizes, spiritualizes, and nobly defines every modification and tendency of that internal Promethean fire, which ever burns in the soul. This attribute defines the principles of eternal progress, and convinces the understanding that refinement and expansion have no limitation. It informs the spirit of its innate goodness and magnanimity; it points out the means by which to develop them, and teaches the spirit that,

“God loves from whole to parts; BUT HUMAN SOUL
MUST RISE FROM INDIVIDUAL TO THE WHOLE.

Indeed the attribute of Aspiration is the fertile source of energy, enterprise, emulation, and of all human efforts to good, and yearnings for the communion with God. Filial Love gives *life and soul* to these efforts, but Aspiration gives them their *form, position, and importance*; and embracing within its self the concentration of *use, justice, power, and beauty*, it employs universal instrumentalities to the end that such efforts and enterprises may be fully accomplished. Personal dignity and actual greatness must necessarily be proportionate to the degree of development to which this high attribute of reason has attained. If it is in its incipient stage, as in the savage,—its efforts and enterprises will manifest the ignorance of savagism. If in the barbarian stage of growth, its manifestations will testify of barbarism. But in the well-developed spirit, its noble form and wise deportment will testify of harmony.

6. **HARMONY** is the most perfect form, and the highest manifestation of all the attributes of Wisdom; it is the guardian angel of Universal Love; and his mission is to teach that proper organization, cultivation, and direction of the innate elements of the Soul, which will result in the unfolding of a *Useful, a Just, a Powerful, a Beautiful, an Aspiring, and a HARMONIOUS INDIVIDUAL*.

It requires a Shakespeare to fully comprehend and sympathize with a Shakespeare; it requires a Christ to understand a Christ; so does it require Harmony in the spirit to appreciate and explain Harmony. This is the highest attribute of the mental organization. It contains and pervades all the faculties and elements of the spirit. It is the ultimate form of the Soul—the Image of its Creator. Concerning Universal Love, of which Harmony is the especial companion and guardian, it may be truthfully said that, it

“Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, and operates unspent.”

And of the attribute of Harmony, whose sphere of action is as expansive as Universal Love, it may be said that, it

“Breathes in one Soul, informs one mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
To him, no high, no low, no great, no small,
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.”

In these elements and attributes, Man images and imitates the Divine Mind.

The Angel of Universal Love, which is Harmony, gives the spirit its boundless desires and its sublime Individuality. The former contain every internal spring of action, passion, or impulse; and the latter contains every principle of direction, protection and guidance. Harmony, in the perfect developed mind, presides over every suggestion of Self-Love and Use, over Justice, Power, Beauty, and Aspiration; and in a mind fully and properly developed, every prompting of Love and sanction of Wisdom is subjected to the influence and direction of Harmony and the internal and supreme ruler. Harmony presides over flavors, odors, sounds, colors, objects, and sensations of every kind, which the soul desires and demands. It presides over the entire Soul; over families, over societies, over nations, and over the Universe. The spirit is taught law and order by this attribute. Self-Love and Use have, comparatively, no Law or rule of action; but Justice reveals to the spirit a law of fitness and congeniality; Power reveals a law of executiveness and enforcement; Beauty reveals a law of exactness and symmetry; Aspiration reveals a law of progression and endless expansion; and Harmony reveals the laws of individual dependence, individual reciprocity, individual position, abilities, occupation, Destiny, and Happiness.

If the individual is unfolded into Harmony with himself, he has grown into immediate connection with the spiritual World; and thus the human spirit grows into communication with its Maker. Harmony proceeds from God into the Universe, and the individual unfolds into Harmony. Thus the Animal becomes human; the human becomes Divine; and then God and Man Unite, complete the chain of sympathy, and develop one harmonious Whole.

The analysis of the mind is now presented. It will be perceived that Love is the female and Wisdom the male principle; and that, internal prolification and the consequent development of fruits, are the natural mechanism of the human mind, and of the positive and negative principles upon which it is constructed. In truth, each affection is conjugally united to its superior self, which is an attribute of reason. Thus *self-love* is united to *Use*, *conjugal-love* to *Justice*, *parental-love* to *Power*, &c., and each has relative duties, energies, and legitimate fruits—all tending to one object, which is the universal *want* and the universal *theme* among men, viz.—universal Happiness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT IS LOVE?

The exclusiveness of marriage is affirmed in the very sentiment of love, which is the basis of marriage. What is love? It is unfortunate that we have not a word to express so great a fact in human nature, but that which at the same time is used to denote a principle or affection as different from it, as is ambition or anger. It must be significant of the fact, that the practical Anglo Saxon has known but little of a sentiment, for which the poetical Greek has a distinct name. Love, which is the true basis of marriage, is not benevolence, a general interest in our race: nor friendship, an instinctive and intellectual sympathy with one or more of either sex! neither is it a mere appetite for the opposite sex as such. It is a preference, a passion, and affection toward one of the opposite sex. The foliation of plants is no more like their florescence, than is friendship or benevolence like love. It is not a calculation, or process of thought; it is not an effort of will, so much as the discovery and appreciation of a pre-existing harmony. Its individuality and exclusiveness are its very nature, without which it ceases to be, becoming either friendship on the one hand, or lust on the other. Its attraction is toward one and only one. Were it toward more than one, the passion would become insane and monstrous. There may not be powers of discrimination to discourse and indicate the logical difference between its object and a hundred other known men or women, yet no one of those others would

any more fill its idea, and satisfy its want, than would a flower or a crystal, a picture, or the sunset. Its result is the marriage of two persons in their three-fold nature, the sexual in their spiritual, intellectual and physical finding accord and delight in each other. Its relationship is the only one which can become subjective, in which a being out of ourselves can become part of ourselves. Its consummation, heralded as it is by the greatest physical changes, through which the body passes from birth to transition, is the birth of new affections, and the opening of a new stage of life. It opens to our sympathy the spiritual life of another—in our silent struggles against evil we have companionship—our aspirations after truth and goodness, our prayers to God, no longer ascetic and solitary, go up henceforth from united hearts. Instinctively it gives the mode of thought, the vein of humor, the peculiarity of character, indicated in the tone of voice, the manners, the gait, which are all ordinarily the theme of criticism and pleasantry, an indescribable charm, and attribute of *ownness*. Intellectually, thought ceases to be soliloquy or reverie, taking the form of dialogue wherein a sweet-toned voice answers, or an unseen angel listens, inspiring with silence and earnest eyes. Its physical expressions and endearments are the ultimate of the internal sentiment, without the sanction and impulse of that sentiment only repulsive and abhorrent to all pure souls. Its whole logical expression is a desire to give the whole of one's-self to another, to appropriate the whole of another to one's self, to break through the barriers of individuality, and become one. [HARBINGER.]

THE PAST AGES.

We are struck with amazement at the wonderful remains of former times. In every quarter of the globe we find some interesting memorial of by-gone ages. The spirit of investigation has opened the entombed cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and presented to our view the people and their mode of living—with their advance in the arts and sciences, at their era of existence. In the pyramids, we trace a people that have long since left the stage of existence—but have given us strong indications of their matchless achievements. Nature, too, hath opened up her great volume for us to see the relics of a race of animals that have written their history by their bones. The immense amount of the mere remains of the extinct races, that are to be found on the land, and on the margin of the sea, proclaims the might of a God who called every thing into existence by the word of his power. The wonderful amount of mammoth skeletons that have been found is truly astonishing. Henderstrom, in his journal, says that the bones of this animal may not inaptly be called the peculiar produce of Siberia and the Northern Islands. He observed that the farther he proceeded toward the north, the smaller in size, but the more abundant in quantity, became these relics of a former world. In the Lachow Islands it is a rare circumstance to discover a mammoth's tooth weighing more than three pounds, equal to 108 lbs. English; whereas, in the interior of Siberia it is not an uncommon thing to meet with one of four times that weight. On the other hand, the immense quantities of these bones found in the Siberian Islands, form one of the most remarkable phenomena connected with these singular remains.

In the words of Sannichow, one of Henderstrom's companions, "the first of the Lachow Islands is little more than one mass of mammoth bones;" and though for upwards of eighty years, the Siberian traders have been bringing over annually large cargoes of them, there appears as yet no sensible diminution in the apparently inexhaustible store. The teeth in these islands are also much whiter and more fresh than those of the continent. The most valuable are met with on a low sand bank on the western coast; and there after a long prevalence of easterly winds, the sea recedes, and a fresh supply of mammoth's bones is always found." Henderson infers from this, that large quantities must exist at the bottom of the ocean.

Psychological Department.

PROPHETIC DREAMS.

The following is from the "Scenes of a Lifetime," by L. L. Loomer. It relates to W. Reinhold, of S. A. N. Y., who was drowned in the Neckar, and who, as appears from his journal, lived a deep interior life.

"He writes in this journal, which fell into the hands of his parents after his death, that he remembered with horror a dream his father had related to him. The father described it as having crossed a river, holding a cross by the hand, and finally saw the boy sink out of the river on his back, and the young man with—'I am not, no, no, no, I had a similar dream, and the scene and circumstances are yet present to my imagination. My father will have forgotten it!'

"Shortly before his death, he wrote in his journal to have suffered for several nights from a strange and uncomfortable anxiety, and to have had, also, another alarming dream, the contents of which he cannot remember, but which he refers to as probably connected with his death. He was drowned whilst bathing in the Neckar, whilst he had gone to catch a fish, his inclination."

His mother relates the following: "A poor man had at no time the gift to tell his life's story, crying for help, as with me was. I, a counsel officer in the house, as a young man, did not know his heart was breaking with sorrow. He came to me in a solitary corner, and prayed, with many tears, to that God who feeds the young ravens and clothes the lilies of the field; he said, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' with an earnestness which, perhaps, he had never felt before. And in rising up from prayer in a comfortable state of mind, and going to his house-door, a dog came running along with a piece of meat in his mouth, and on arriving at the poor man's threshold, he let it drop and run off. 'The Lord has sent us this,' said the man, as he took it up from the ground. 'Almighty God!' ejaculated he, as he brought it into the room; and when it was cooked and laid up on the dish, and the hungry people sat round it, and a blessing had been asked, it was to them all as memorable an occasion, as if they had been partaking of the paschal lamb."

CURIOUS CASE.

A young man, says Dr. Comstock, in his "Tongue of Time," member of college, received an impression, or as he himself heard a voice, which told him he should die in three days. It was as he was passing the stairs of the college building. Toward the approaching end of the period, he fancied himself so ill, that a physician was called and made acquainted with the particulars. He died and bloomed like, which did no good. He grew worse, and the medical gentleman thought he should lose his patient. He changed his practice and gave a full dose of opium. This had the desired effect of putting him into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake till the three days had expired. Immediately upon his waking, he inquired the time of day. He found that the limited period had passed and that he was still alive. The hallucination vanished from that moment, and no more was heard of his illness or dying. As imagination can kill as well as cure, little doubt was entertained that he would have died, had not this mode of treatment been adopted.

CORREX MARTIN, a celebrated divine of the last century, who was settled in Boston during the memorable days of the Salem witchcraft, after relating many marvelous stories of the invisible powers, concludes with this summary and congratulating reflection:—"Upon the whole, the devil got nothing, God got praises, Christ got subjects, the Holy Spirit got temples, the church got additions, and the souls of men got everlasting benefits."

BEAUTIFUL PROVIDENCE.

The following is from a German author, F. W. Krummacker, L. D.

"A short time ago, in our neighborhood, a poor man was sitting, early in the morning, at his house door; his eyes were red with weeping, and his heart cried to heaven—for he was expecting an officer to come, and seize him for a small debt. And whilst sitting thus with his heavy heart, a little bird flew through the street, fluttering up and down, as if in distress. Small as he was, he was an arrow, it flew over the good man's head into his garden, and perched itself on an empty cup-board. The good man, who had imagined who had sent him the bird, closed the door, caught the bird, and placed it in a cage, where it began to sing very sweetly, and it seemed to the man as if it were the tune of a favorite hymn—'Fear thou not when a dragon reigns,' and as he listened to it, he found it such comfort to his mind. Suddenly some one knocked at his door. 'What is the officer?' thought the man, and was sore afraid. But no, it was the servant of a respectable lady, who told him that she had seen a bird fly into his house, and she wanted to know if he had caught it. 'Oh yes,' answered the man, 'and here it is!' and the bird was carried away. A few minutes after, the servant came again. 'You have done my mistress a great service,' said he; 'she sets a high value upon the bird, which had escaped from her. She is much obliged to you, and requests you to accept this trifle, with her thanks.' The poor man received it thankfully, and it proved to be neither more nor less than the sum he owed! And when the officer came, he said, 'Here is the amount of the debt; now leave me in peace, for God has sent it to me!'

In an article on dreams the Portland "Measure-Belt" says:

"In this connection might be mentioned the dream of one in this city, who cried out in her sleep 'Capt. G. L. is lost.' The first news received from Capt. L. was that he had perished, and at the very hour when this dream occurred.

"Some few years since an Englishman or Frenchman was killed suddenly on the railroad. His wife had had a clear view of the transaction the night before, and had related the dream, and tried to prevail on her husband not to go on the road that day. She followed him to the door weeping, when he turned back, and tried in a lively manner to remove her fears and assure her that all would be well. In a few hours he was carried back a corpse.

I believe it easy for one who lives aright, to distinguish this kind of dreams from those arising from abuses. They bring with them an internal evidence of their truth. Then let all who have faith in dreams live correctly; cease to violate their natures and keep a conscience void of offence."

Dr. JOHNSON, the great moralist and lexicographer, in his life of Lord Roscommon, gives an instance of a prediction of his lordship, when a boy of ten years old, which is sufficiently singular. The lad was at Caen, in Normandy; his father was at the same time in Ireland. He was usually rather a sober lad, but one day he became very noisy and antic, playing, leaping, getting over tables, boards, &c. In the midst of this extravagant mirth, he suddenly stopped and cried out, *My father is dead!* A fortnight after, news arrived of his father's death. This account was confirmed by the governor of the boy, and by Lord Roscommon himself in more mature age.

The concert in the Fourth St. Church, noticed in another part of this number and worked off in the first form, will be given on Wednesday evening the 14th inst., instead of Monday evening, the 12th.

Poetry.

DREAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSCELM,
BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

DREAMS are a revelation of the power
Which is *within*, and of us, witnessing
Of the immortal life that sleep shall bring
Which knows no waking. Crowded in an hour
Lives, wonderful, with germ, bud, leaflet, flower,
And the full fruitage of great actions, spring
And flourish; while on unencumbered wing,
Thoughts span Immensity,—the scouts who scour
The utmost bounds of being,—wheel their round,
Return, and ere the crowing of the cock
Fold their light vans; the while, in sleep profound,
Man's waking *senses* the free spirit lock;
The Infinite unfolds to us in dreams,
And through its trembling gates the half-seen glory gleams.

OLD OPINIONS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Once we thought that Power Eternal
Had decreed the woes of man;
That the human heart was wicked
Since its pulses first began;
That the earth was but a prison
Dark and joyless at the best;
And that men were born for evil,
And imbibed it from the breast:
That 'twas vain to think of urging
Any earthly progress on.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Once we thought all human sorrows
Were predestined to endure;
That, as laws had never made them,
Laws were impotent to cure;
That the few were born superior,
Though the many might rebel;
They to sit at Nature's table,
We to pick the crumbs that fell;—
They to live upon the fatness—
We the starvling, lack and wan.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Once we thought that Kings were holy;
Doing wrong by right Divine;
That the Church was Lord of Conscience—
Arbiter of Mine and Thine.
That whatever priests commanded
No one could reject and live;
And that all who differed from them
It was error to forgive;—
Right to send to stake or halter
With eternal malison.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Once we thought that sacred Freedom
Was a cursed and tainted thing;
Foe of Peace, and Law, and Virtue;
Foe of Magistrate and King;

That all vile and rampant passion
Ever follow'd in her path;
Lust and Plunder, War and Rapine,
Tears, and Anarchy, and Wrath.
That the angel was a cruel,
Haughty, blood-stain'd Amazon.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Once we thought that Education
Was a luxury for the few;
That to give it to the many
Was to give it scope undue.
That 'twas foolish to imagine
It could be as free as air:
Common as the glorious sunshine
To the child of want and care:
That the poor man educated,
Quarrel'd with his care anon.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Once we thought it right to foster
Local jealousies and pride;
Right to hate another nation
Parted from us by a tide:—
Right to go to war for glory,
Or extension of domain;
Right, through fear of foreign rivals,
To refuse the needful grain;
Right to bar it out till Famine
Drew the bolt with fingers wan.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Old opinions, rags and tatters:
Ye are worn;—ah, quite threadbare;
We must cast you off for ever;
We are wiser than we were:
Never fitting, always cramping,
Letting in the wind and sleet,
Chilling us with rheums and agues,
Or inflaming us with heat;
We have found a mental raiment
Purer, whiter, to put on.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

A GEM, FROM THE PERSIAN.

Oscar from a cloud a drop of rain
Fell trembling in the sea,
And when she saw the wide-spread main,
Shame veiled her modesty.

"What place in this wide sea have I,
What room is left for me?
Sure it were better that I die,
In this immensity!"

But while her self-abasing fear
Its lowliness confessed,
A shell received and welcom'd her,
And press'd her to its breast.

And nourish'd there, the drop became
A pearl for royal eyes—
Exalted by its lowly shame,
And humbled but to rise!

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1849.

THE TRUE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

MANY persons, contemplating the progress of society from old superstitions to the full recognition of the principles of Nature, have indulged the opinion that the Church universal is to be removed, and to make way for the establishment of Science and Art as the only basis, with good social regulations, on which to rest the hopes and happiness of mankind. Hence it is a common expression, the churches are destined to be converted into temples of Science, and the reign of Reason will be alone triumphant.

There is much truth and a fearful error in this calculation. We indulge in no hope or wish for the overthrow of the Church, or that which most fully answers to the true idea of a Church, for it appears to us the soul of society, as the spiritual principle, is the life and soul of the organized human body.

But we must know what a church is, or what it should be, and base our reasonings and remarks upon a true idea of its nature and uses. There is nothing in the mere word *church* which signifies an establishment of any particular character, good or bad, religious or political—the word signifying merely an *assembly or congregation*, the nature of which is to be understood from connecting circumstances. A church may be Jewish, Christian, Pagan, Mahometan, or any thing else. Not at all, therefore, dealing in terms, but endeavoring to portray a true idea of what by usage may be included in this term, it is our purpose to express ourself according to truth.

And for this purpose we would remark that the *Catholic Church*, according to men's ideas, approaches the nearest to any thing that can be called a church. For there must be something of Unity, and Universality, and Authority, to say nothing of that degree of certainty expressed by the term *infallibility*, in the idea of a church. And it is unquestionable, if we rely on the correctness of the reported words, when Christ used the term as he did, in his address to Peter, "On this Rock I will build my church," and when the apostles spake of it as "the body" of which Christ was the "head," and "the pillar and ground of the truth," to say nothing of the general language of the New Testament on this subject, there must have been some idea of an establishment more than a mere promiscuous assembly of Christians, embodied in the emphatic term church. We will not say that the apostles were always right in their ideas, but as both Christ and his immediate disciples used the term in a distinct and emphatic sense, and as the word is in use among us, attended with various shades and signification, all of which hold forth some idea of a unitary, authoritative, religious establishment, we propose to evolve our own ideas of what may be truthfully retained in this much used and abused term. And we say, the *Catholic church* approaches the nearest to anything of this kind. Of course, we have no allusion to its tyrannous assumptions, of which, however, the Protestant church is not without its illustrious rivalings, but we refer to that structure of the Catholic Church which embraces the ideas of a Unity, Universality, Infallibility, and Authority. These are the four principle features of the Catholic idea of a church. We might add others, deemed by the Catholics themselves as of equal importance, such as Apostolicity, or the regular succession, its claim to Holiness, &c. &c., but it is not the Catholic estimation, it is our own estimation, which we put upon the characteristics of this

church, the four prominent of which have been named. Not indeed that the Catholic Church is such a Unity and Universality, and Infallibility, and Authority, even among its own members, as is claimed for it, but that these are the prominent marks by which it seeks to be known, and which do exist in that church to a degree of perfection unknown in any other. And these, moreover, are the marks which should characterize a true church wherever existing.

First, *Unity*. The church should be One. If the soul or spiritual element in society is divided, (and in a perfect state it is an absurdity to suppose it so) of course the body will be divided, there can be no unitary organization, and the spiritual principle being the highest, it is manifest, no state of perfect or healthy prosperity can exist. Moreover, the spiritual principle is the religious principle—is what constitutes the church. And however perfect our social relations may become—to whatever heights of prosperity and blessing our human condition may outwardly ever ascend, it is folly in the extreme to expect any surrender of the enjoyments and authority of religion, for these, by the very condition, will all the more readily abound, and the more imperiously be demanded. The main reason why religion does not now flourish more abundantly, is because the enslaving demands of our present society do not admit of it. Nearly all the hours of day are required by the masses for labor to support the body, or to amass a wealth for unforeseen contingencies, and the spiritual nature is dwarfed and utterly crushed thereby. In the perfect state—that to which social reformers are looking, these bodily demands will be less urgent; time sufficient will be allowed for the culture and expansion of the moral and spiritual faculties; consequently, Deity will be more manifest, a divine philosophy more appreciated, our spiritual connections more sought after, and religion as a science enthroned supreme in the affections of Man.

Here is the fundamental idea of a church. It is the recognition of the Divine Sovereignty ruling over all, and an appointed means for training the children of men to higher and higher conceptions of Him in whom they live, of his Providence, and their own virtue and glory. This is their salvation. And to this end never will society be left without its institutions of religion—without its Church in Unity.

Here all the conflicting opinions of men will be harmonized. This is not the expectation for the present age, nor of any time to be designated now, but when the time arrives, by an intelligent conception of the nature of the Divine Mind, by a true religious philosophy, by a just appreciation of our spiritual connections with one another and with the sphere above us, which will be the necessary attendant of such a state of social harmony and perfection, then may we look for that unity in the religious opinions of men which is and must be the characteristic of the true Church. There is that in all sects which is important and necessary truth, and it will only be in the due apportionment and adjustment of their different peculiarities by an enlightened philosophy, that anything of harmony can take place in the religious institutions of men.

We are making rapid approximations to this unity now, but in the perfect state, it cannot be questioned, this first great characteristic of a true Catholic Church will be splendidly and fully realized.

And again, this Church will be *Catholic*. That is, *Universal*. It will be Catholic as to time, place, numbers, liberality, good and truth. There is no church at the present day which answers to the term Catholic; none but embraces a very small part of the whole number of Christian believers. So that we judge this word a misnomer when applied to the Church of Rome. There is coming a truly Catholic church, but in vain do we look or wait for it among the incongruous elements of an old supernaturalism, or the artificialities of a crude and perishing theology. The Church of the future shall be One and Universal; the church of the present is both disunited and partial.

Again, this Church shall have that which answers to the idea of *Infallibility*. Infallibility in the absolute and universal sense, there cannot be, for this is a quality of the Divine Mind alone. But the term in the catholic church expresses a great truth, which is no less than that degree of felt certainty there is or should be in the intuitions and judgment of men, when that judgment is formed after a universal standard, even the united assent of freed and enlightened men. For in such mind dwells the divine inspiration to a degree amounting to absolute truth. Men delivered from the trammels of false authority, thinking out everywhere their own free thoughts—the universal consciousness—the conscience of the human race—the united moral conceptions of a community of minds, each of them free, and dealing with reality on its own account,—what is it but a sort of infallibility—a sort of church of the world, and governor of all? External and artificially organized infallibility is a chimera of the imagination; internal, individual infallibility, running into order according to natural law, and existing among men as such, this is the only infallibility, and it is a sufficient one, ever desirable in the matters of human opinion. And in the perfection of the race, such a unanimity and certainty will exist. The universal soul will be made receptive of divine truth, and the truth shall stand for authority among men.

This brings us to notice the fourth mark of prominence in what may be a true church of the future. It is *Authority*. Not such as would compel against conscience, or force conviction by motives of fear and terror, but such as commands respect to its dictates in universally acknowledged truth. I can conceive of an authority more mighty than the word of Pontiffs, or the decisions of mitred priests, or the traditions of antiquity, even the omnipotence of truth felt in the soul, and honored in the community, and elevated by common consent to the throne of the Almighty. And think you in the days of humanity's deliverance, when all will be advanced to a divine order, when slavery, bodily and mental, shall cease to exist, and peace, unity, and plenty shall crown all lands—think you there will not be felt the divine element more forcibly than ever—a pressing consciousness of truth—a conviction of God—a ready obedience and complete surrender to the Infinite Presence, who will be felt to be all in all?

Thus, then, will exist the elements of a truly Catholic Church. Thus will there be Unity, Universality, and that which answers to Infallibility and Authority. Such will be the manifestation of the spiritual element. It will be the Soul of the more perfect Society, and under its directions, the institutions of religion will flourish more abundantly. In such a church the clergy will be teachers of the highest truths, even the laws of universal material and spiritual Nature, which knowledge will flow down to all the inferior ranks of society.

And what is more, this church will have a care of its members. It will not, as now, suffer the name of Christ to be dishonored by cold neglect, poverty, starvation among its professed members. Was there ever a more gross enormity in that most incongruous of all apparent connections—profession and practice! But Christ came to comfort the mourner, to supply the destitute, and to bind up the broken hearted. And who can doubt, that in that great consummation—the advancement of society to divine order and reciprocal aid, the heart of Jesus will be fully satisfied? Is not this all he labored for? Is not this the systematic application of his principles to humanity as one brotherhood? Behold, then, the church! The church and the world will have become one! One body of outwardly organized and varied humanity, animated by one soul—the spiritual and divine element existing in all. And will not worship go up from such a church? Will not the hearts of the righteous be made glad, and the praises of redeemed humanity be heard aloud?

Then, too, will come the miracles of healing! Who can doubt that by the perfection of the race, physically and spiritually

there will not be "greater works than Christ did, that we may marvel?" Much of "virtue" will there "go out from man" and much of "the spirit of power" will there be. These things are not confined to the Church of Rome, with whom undoubtedly they have taken place, but will be extended to all lands, even as the spirit of purity prevaileth.

And also, the communion of saints! Alas! how vain a ridicule to the church of Rome, to deny this privilege and power. Is there any thing more natural? Can there be any thing more delightful? And in that perfected society, as in the few instances of mercy vouchsafed even now to the believing, what may be the glory and beauty of communion with the upper spheres, visible to the innermost eye of man? Is it too much to expect for society, in the day of its last glory, that the vision of Jacob will be realized on earth, and the angels of God be seen ascending and descending on errands of mercy?

And thus will the world become the church! Greater and more glorious than her best children have ever anticipated, will Jesus "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied," and the earth present one vast Cathedral, where worship shall be continually offered, while unity and peace and righteousness abound.

And Plenty shall take up her abode on the Earth, as the necessary fruits of the kingdom of heaven, and all the sons of men shall shout for joy.

W. M. F.

THE GREAT QUESTION, AND THE ANSWER OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

THE third requirement of the Primitive Church was Fasting. This, in its modern interpretation, has been a farce in the church and folly to the skeptic. No one can see the least possible connection between an occasional abstinence from flesh or wine and the attainment of a divine character. But, nevertheless, this requirement was founded in a deep philosophy. The Apostles had to do with animal men, who had indulged all sensuous appetites unrestrainedly and enormously. The wine bibber, the epicure, the sensualist, lifted the solemn inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?" Their senses had obtained an almost unrestrained mastery over the spirit: their blood ran through their veins like lava, and their appetites regarded no prohibition, and spurned all control. Now the apostles saw that a great barrier to moral growth was this diseased condition of the body, this fever of passion and this insanity of appetite. And they said "Fast,"—in other words, eat simple food, drink cooling beverages: thus extinguish those preternatural fires and fevers: thus allow the passions to be calmed, the desires to be regulated: thus make the body a pure temple where the Holy Spirit will delight to dwell.

Now this requisition, founded on this reasoning, comes to us with redoubled force. The use of unnatural stimulus has from infancy become habitual to all. The appetites, thus goaded on, have been indulged to an unwarrantable degree. Thus physical insanity is produced, and serves as a barrier to spiritual development. Now it is obvious that if we would obtain the great boon we seek we must regulate these rebel passions: sober these drunken appetites: make our body a translucent medium through which the eternal light may dawn. And how can we do this without removing the cause of physical delirium—abstaining from whatever shall intoxicate the senses or degrade the soul? We must fast, not periodically, but continually: not from what is grateful to the healthy appetite or nourishing to the system, but from what is injurious to both. Above all, we must fast from all sensuous delights which degrade and paralyze: become in all things temperate, discreet, chaste; keep the body pure, keep the senses calm, keep the temperaments balanced, and the whole frame serene. Divine Inspirations of Truth

and Virtue come only when the whole being is tranquil and in harmony. How can we hear the still small voice of Divinity through the tumults of intoxicated sense? Can the senses by abstinence from excess, and the voices of a better life steal in peace upon you like music over the bosom of a tranquil sea?

And when we have done this the query is, "What lack I yet?" The answer of the Ancient Church was, *Confessio and Reparatio*. The dark thought of concealed and unrecompensed wrong rises before the spirit gloomy and terrible, and bars with its terrific front the path to Heaven? And that phanton can only be laid by the free, full willingness to confess and to restore. He that confesses and restores finds mercy. He who loves his gift at the altar, and goes and repairs the wrong he has done to his brother, and establishes peace, shall return to find his offering accepted, and to receive a blessing in its place. In our own inward experience we know that we never can find *eternal peace* while we are harried with concealed and unrepaired transgression. It crushes upon the spirit like the stone upon the sepulchre, and we can never rise to the immortal newness till this one is rolled away. I know it is hard to confess our wrong and to repair it. It is humbling to the proud spirit, and it is crawling to the haughty nature. To confess that we have done wrong, when we have denied it with bitter affirmations; to confess to an enemy, who may use his advantage ungenerously, and thus win a triumph over us; to repair an unacknowledged injury, and to repay an unknown evil; this is something that a man had rather die than do.

But oh! there is a sweetness in the humble spirit that submits, and there is an honor about the meek confession, and a worthiness about the ample satisfaction—a sense of reconciliation when the act is done—a sense of duty performed and of evil vanquished, that repays it all. He who has triumphed in the terrible struggle with his own arrogant and perverted pride, finds, like the ancient pilgrim, that the valley of humiliation is a fruitful place, with fountains by the way-side, and flowers beneath his feet, and fruit and blossoms on every bough. He who has the loving spirit to confess and to restore, is not far from the kingdom of heaven.

But it may be said that confession and reparation is often impossible. The Libertine may come and say, "I would arise to the divine life; I would repay my accursed wrong four-fold—but ah! my victim is in the grave! Her heart broke within her and she died! I stand up before God this day with the mark of Cain on my brow, and the blood of the innocent on my spirit. This tardy confession can not unlock the tomb or raise the dead. It can not have a retrospective power to whiten the soiled fame of innocence, or to soothe enormous agonies that followed in the train of betrayal and desertion?" I would answer—"My Brother! it is the spirit—the willingness that God requires. Do in that case what the spirit of your victim would demand. The wrong that you would repair to her, repay four-fold in the earnest effort to seek and to save the lost. Thus humble penitence shall follow arrogant wrong—thus meek well doing shall roll the stone from off your heart." I assert, then, that this requirement of confession and reparation is founded in a true philosophy of our nature, and that compliance is another and a mighty impulse toward insight, harmony and peace!

And this brings us naturally to the fifth great requirement—*Alms-Giving*. The injunction of the Apostle was, "Freely we have received, let us freely give." Now this is supposed in our time to mean merely the contribution to the tract or bible or relief society: the penny to the beggar in the street: a basket of fragments to the suppliant at the door. I am far from condemning these charities, but they are but as a drop to the ocean of the divine requirement. The man who hoarded, who kept back knowledge, love, wealth, assistance from the needy; the man who refused to impart as freely as he received, was met at the divine Eden of harmony and vision by the flaming sword.

It is thus, now, naturally and inevitably. The law of God is, if we give we receive: if we keep back he withholdeth from us!

Now the giving of money is not what God requires or what the world needs. Most of us have little beyond what our daily wants require: those of us who have more give more, give liberally. The world around us does not need money so much as truth, goodness, peace. Those gifts that come from God—the gifts that pertain to the immortal life we crave; the gifts of wisdom; of tranquillity; of inward purity, and love, and happiness, are received just in the ratio of their impartation. Hence the importance of alms-giving as a means for the fulness of divine life within us. The soul of man is connected with God as a river with its fountain. If the waters of the river are dammed up, so that it can not flow on and fertilize the waiting plains below, they flow back to their source: they seek other channels; and the ancient channel becomes stagnant and desolate. So if we refuse to impart the light, the love, the virtue we receive, it ebbs back to its source; it flows through other channels, but we are left in deadness and desolation. If the stream pours out the fulness of its waters its channel is deepened and widened, it receives more abundantly: so if we give as freely as we receive, our power of reception is increased, and we are filled with the divine fulness, and enter into rest.

If we impart the knowledge we have, spurning that selfish policy that incalculates only the popular and the customary, we shall have more light, increasing at last to the fulness of immortal vision. If we impart the love we have, heeding not the obstacles of enmity, and prejudice, and detraction, we shall have more love, making every pulse to vibrate with tidal currents from the heart of God! If we impart the peace, the holiness, the harmony within, striving to calm and refine our brothers, we shall be filled with the "peace that passes all understanding;" and if we use our opportunities for good, that are afforded by place, fortune or society, faithful with each power and for each duty, our opportunities for good shall daily become more great and our rewards more glorious. The servant who buried his talent in the earth had it taken from him. The servant who used his talent for the increase had it ten-fold multiplied. Alms-Giving, or impartation, then, is another step to the realization of what our souls desire, for it is the eternal law of providence that if we freely give we shall abundantly receive!

Once more. The final requirement of the Ancient Church was *FRATERNAL COMMUNION AND UNITY*. The primitive disciples had a sympathy of feeling and a community of spirit, of which we have no conception. I am far from recommending a systemless communism—the absorption of individuality in association: equally far from recommending association, after the reckless manner in which it has been so often rushed into in our own land. These systems are impracticable now—association can only be grown into by the slow processes of society development, and communism is only possible in the ultimate divine condition of our race. By the requirement of the Church, then, I understand what may be implied in the saying, "as much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men." Make your relations, whether social or commercial, so many channels through which you may breathe a divine spirit of justice and benevolence. Whatever be the forms of intercourse, make these forms good by animating them with a divine spirit. Avoid litigation: avoid private disputes: never overreach though the law sanction it: never foster controversy or ill feeling: avoid all avocations that injure men either in health or morals: infuse your own loving religious spirit even into buying and selling, into society and trade. No man can grow up into harmony and vision while he contends with his neighbor or pursues a demoralizing avocation. We must enter into harmonious relations with our brothers: and we can do it now, in the present form of society, even though that form, in some instances be inadequate and wrong.

And finally, while we enter into harmonious relations of reciprocal justice with all, we must enter into communion with

the pure, the harmonious, the divine. Seeking intercourse with the strivers after virtue, and the possessors of life immortal: the true disciples of Christ: forgetting not the assembling of ourselves together, we must thus grow up a holy brotherhood: pure, harmonious, acceptable to God; united to the life and order of the skies. The ancient brethren, desiring the divine life continually: having faith in its full reception; abstaining from all that might pollute or agitate the mind or body: confessing and repairing all wrong and evil, giving freely of the life and light within them, and of the means gathered around them: entering into relations of justice and good-will with all: met together in their upper rooms for worship and for communion. And lo! this was the ultimate that opened paradise. Then the comforter descended: the divine spirit was imparted: then the eye of the soul was unveiled, and the ear of the mind was opened: and then Jesus was in the midst of them: and the sweet fields arrayed in living green arose before them, and heaven enfolded them in its sanctities, and clothed them in its beatitudes: and they walked through life in full vision of the eternal dwelling-place and the incorruptible crown. Brothers! they who inquired the way to eternal life, and they who sought after it, have departed from our sight. Years have rolled on since their ashes were laid in the grave, and their spirits put on their immortality. But the desires of the human spirit, and the ministrations of an answering providence, remain unchanged through all. All that men through God attained to in the Past, men through God can attain to in the Present! Here rise the trees of life, and here gush the waters of immortality. "And the spirit and the bride say come: and let him that is athirst come, and him that hath no money let him come, and let him that heareth say come—and take of the waters of life freely."

T. L. H.

STRANGE MANIFESTATIONS.

We have recently heard through various and independent mediums of the most respectable character, of some strange manifestations now occurring in Rochester, this State. The same manifestations are said to have commenced in the village of Hydesville, Wayne county, in April last. They are said to consist of certain noises as if made by the rapping of knuckles upon the floor or table—the agency by which they are caused being *entirely invisible*! These manifestations, it is said, are not confined to one house, but have extended to many, and even to one of the Churches; and they are being seriously investigated by many of the most respectable and intelligent citizens of the place. The noises, as we are informed, purport to be made by departed spirits in answer to questions that are propounded to them. When a question is asked, they give a rap for an affirmative, while for a negative there is no sound heard. They also, as it is said, have a way of communicating by the use of the alphabet. When the interrogator, saying over the letters consecutively, comes to the letter which begins the word or sentence, a rap will be heard; and in the same way succeeding letters will be indicated, until sometimes long sentences will be spelt out. The *object* which the agencies of these manifestations profess to have in view, is to convince men of the immanence of a spiritual world.

As to the *actual fact* of these manifestations, we think there can not be a shadow of doubt, if the numerous concurrent and direct testimonies which we have had from respectable persons on this subject, are deserving of any weight. That the rappings are produced by an invisible, and (to us) intangible agency, we are also prepared to believe. That these manifestations may be produced by spirits of the other world—not indeed by rapping, but by producing concussions upon the more refined ingredients of the atmosphere, causing a vibration of the tympanum and thus addressing the sense of hearing—we can also readily conceive. We might even cite numerous and apparently well authenticat-

ed examples of spiritual manifestations of this kind, to say nothing of Eeting scrolls that never have been expressed in type, but which almost every one has heard from childhood. We might cite especially, the irreproachable authority of James Knapp in his "Secrets of Prevalence." But whether the phenomena under consideration are really produced by the agency of spirits of the other world, or whether it is a mere *magnetic influence* similar to that occurring in the case of the "French Prophets" (so called) of Dauphiny and Vivarais, in the year 1688, or to analogous *local* phenomena that *certainly* have occurred at various periods, we can not, of course at present take it upon ourselves to say. We intend immediately to take measures to investigate the phenomena as *carefully* as may be in our power and will lay our conclusions impartially before our readers, whether they be *pro* or *con*.

We think, however, that this is a question which should be put to the *test*, before any conclusions are definitely announced thereon, as an affirmative announcement not based upon the most *substantial evidence*, might greatly subserve the cause of superstition and fanaticism. We should approach this subject with a calm and philosophical spirit—as willing that it should be false as true—as willing that it should be true as false. We are aware, however, that the great mass of men have an unconquerable reluctance to admitting any phenomena of a purely *spiritual origin*, which very *well* the manifestations in question may, for *all* it we know, be intended to cure.

Will our friend in Auburn have the kindness to excuse the withholding of his communication until we shall have had time to institute some personal investigations into this singular affair. We think he will see the propriety of this, although we have not the least question as to his veracity, or the veracity of the persons whose names he sent us as witnesses of these phenomena.

W. F.

CHAMPNEY'S PANORAMA OF THE RHINE.

In these days of sham and money-getting, when so many things are offered to the public in the shape of "fine arts," which only go to show that "some of Nature's journeymen have made them, they imitate Nature so abominably," it is most refreshing to look upon the genuine productions of artistic skill. We have been almost flooded with Panoramas, and though Banvard's and Bayne's are both justly deserving of the public patronage, yet it is undeniable, in point of true art, we are now presented with the Queen of Panoramas. And yet all will not think so. There is more of the "showy and striking" about either of the former, but more of the true art and finish, to say nothing of the precedence in point of poetic scenery, derived from the old localities, about the latter. Banvard inspires us with large and varied thoughts of Western magnificence, life, rusticity, civilization, and enterprise; Bayne with foreign greatness, commerce, oceanic life, thick-peopled cities, and all the connections of mercantile intercourse; Champney with the romantic beauties and charming scenery of one of God's loveliest spots, enriched with the monuments of old religion, and venerable ruins, and luxuriant foliage, and vineyards, castles, peasantry, stupendous lights, and amazing beauty of the far-famed banks of the Rhine.

These three are certainly *the* Panoramas. And while in the first we have "the largest painting in the world," strongly and strikingly executed; and in the second, a decided improvement in artistic skill, with a look into the old civilization; in this third we have *the Painting*. To the lover of art, to say nothing in derogation of the effect of the former, here must be real satisfaction. These trees *are* trees. These hills, these vineyards, these living things, all have the touch of fine art and finish upon them. But to the crowd, we suppose, although they can not fail to admire, it will be like listening to a rare specimen of pulpit oratory, chaste, beautiful, exquisite, full of unction, finely magnifi-

cent, in comparison with the stout pair of lungs, and gaudy rhetoric, and inimitable brass and noise of the people's preacher.

But Champney needs to be seen again and again, and to be reflected on, to be appreciated. And in conclusion, if the Boston public, especially the more cultivated portion, let this picture pass without an ample and gratifying patronage, notwithstanding their former treats to exhibitions of this kind, it will not speak much for their taste and discrimination, to say nothing of her debt of honor to one of her own sons.

W. M. F.

TO A CORRESPONDENT: We do not see that "*Rationalist*" starts any new point, or even adds any force to his old ones. If, however, he will leave with us his proper name, (which we do not know as, from a singular combination of circumstances we were almost sure we did,) we may possibly be induced to change our present resolve, which is not to insert his communication. If he does not desire his name to go before the world, it will be held in strict confidence by

W. F.

A Concert of Miscellaneous Music will be given by the Choir of the Fourth-street Universalist Church, in the Church, (between Avenues B and C,) on Monday evening, February 12th, complimentary to the Pastor, Br. Z. Baker, who is about retiring from his public labors in consequence of ill health.

Tickets 25 cents. Doors open at 6 1-2 o'clock; Concert at 7 1-2.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

We have sent bills to those subscribers who have not paid. Our terms being in advance, we shall be obliged to strike from the list such as remain unpaid at the end of three months.

BELA MARSH, 25 Cornhill, Boston, is the New England Agent for the *Univercelum*. Subscribers to the "*Rationalist*," in Boston and vicinity, can remit to him.

E. P., WORCESTER. We forwarded you the back Nos. from the commencement. You have probably received them ere this. If not, please inform, and we will remail them.

E. W. C. We can not furnish G. M. C. with a perfect copy of Vol. 2; No. 8 is missing. Will send on the terms mentioned if he wishes.

S. R. We have not received the letter (containing the subscribers) from J. H. W.

J. H. WOOD is our authorized agent for Texas.

Original Communications.

TO THE FRIENDS OF ORGANIZATION.

ALL Nature's laws are simple in their operations, and easily understood by any unprejudiced mind that will follow them step by step from beginnings to ultimates: thus should be every regulation and organization of society. In all arrangements we should conform as nearly to Nature as practicable. It is when we mystify and render intricate our organic arrangements, that we become entangled in our own web:—this has been the error of nearly all writers and theorists on social and political science and organization. This was to some extent the error of Fourier, who sought a *remedy* for many social diseases instead of seeking for the *causes*, and by removing them *preventing* the diseases. Yet he, I believe, is justly entitled to the first place among the writers on the social condition and destiny of man.

When ten or more families have become resident on a tract purchased and improved as described in these articles, they should all meet in common council and discuss freely their business, and make such arrangements as may be determined on, and for the purpose of rendering their business arrangements

more easy, effective, and simple, should choose by *equal vote*, (not in reference to property,) a board of managers consisting of three divisions, each division consisting of three persons, the whole, constituting a trinity of trinities, like every principle and organization of Nature. No president is required, but a clerk or recorder will be needed, and could be appointed by the board of directors; and this would comprise all the officers required for the society.

The first, then, should be a board on the educational affairs, and it should be their duty to exercise a supervision over all business in that department, and to suggest any alterations and arrangements which they deem necessary, to the full board of directors; and if approved by the latter, and deemed of sufficient importance to require a vote of the members, they should be then submitted to a meeting of the members for decision. This committee should be composed of men whose minds are all ~~as~~, and adapted *to*, that department, and then all would reap the advantage of their skill and influence.

The second three should compose a board on Industry, and should have the same care and powers and duties in that department, and in all branches of labor carried on for profit, as the board on education have in their business,—and then all will receive the benefit of others' judgment in addition to their own.

The third board of three should be a board of trade, and should have the care of, and supervision over, the mercantile operations, which will be a very important branch of the business.

The three boards combined should form a board of directors, to have the same powers and business for the whole, as each branch has for its definite department. They should examine all reports made to them by and from the various branches, and also from individual members; and all applications to become members, if recommended by the department in which each applicant desires to labor, should be decided by them or submitted to the members; and no person should be permitted to become a member except in connection with one of the great branches of business.

The board of directors should have no dollar and cent compensation for any services except when required to be absent from home, or to perform physical labor; and in such cases the department for which such service is required, or the product of such labor or business, should furnish the pay. The idea of money making without productive industry, should be abandoned. The principal if not the entire powers and duties of the directors should be *suggestive*, and to execute in a proper manner the orders and directions of the society,—

Each organized branch of business should select its *foreman* to direct and carry out its orders, and keep its business in system and arrangement, as all business men do their individual business. All rules, and regulations, and by-laws, should be made by the members:—first of the society for the whole, and second by the organized branches for their respective departments of business.—but the store should be the joint concern of all the members, and therefore controlled and directed by all; but it should not be carried on for profit, for that is *not* a department of productive industry; but a necessary appendage to the business of every community. The "*trades-union*" plan is the best yet in use, and should be adopted and extended to the sale as well as purchase of all articles of production or manufacture by the various branches of industry, by adding and deducting only the per centage necessary to pay incidental expenses.

The great advantage of this organic arrangement can be seen at once by every unprejudiced mind.

W. CHASE.

MADISON, WIS., JAN. 6, 1849.

MOST men are parasites; they prefer to grow on a *limb* of somebody else, to having roots of their own in the firm ground like the self-strong oak.

C. W.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the "Nineteenth Century."

THE IRON DOOR.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

A CITY of the Dead sunken far beneath the feet of living millions! While Rome palpitates on the surface, like the great heart of the Living World, here, beneath the throbs of that voluptuous heart, lies the skeleton-heart of a World of Shadows. Above smiles Rome, with St. Peter's on her breast—below, brood the Catacombs—the Ghostly Rome—with the dead of eighteen centuries, sleeping in her shadows.

It is a fearful thing to walk here, by the light of a lamp, which grows dim and pale, as it encounters the charnel breath of the dead ages. To leave the gay city, whose pavement stones beat with the tread of a thousand and a hundred thousand feet, and lamp in hand, pass through the mouth of this great cavern, into a Ghostly world—have you the courage? Above you the gorgeous sky of Italy; around you vines and blossoms, nothing but vines and blossoms wherever you turn your gaze; in the distance the great Colosseum, that silent monarch of the dead centuries, and yonder the dome of St. Peter's, rising into Heaven, so isolated in its awful glory—can you leave all this, and dive with me into Another World?

Will you for a little while leave the Rome of the Nineteenth Century, and descend with me those steps of eighteen hundred years, which end at last, at the foot of a Cross, and near a Holy Sepulcher? Take the lamp,—cast one glance over the grand and beautiful Rome—inhale one breath of Paradise, from this voluptuous Italian atmosphere—we pass into the darkness through this hill-side crevice—we are in another world. Listen! Not a sound; not even the echo of a sound. You never felt the meaning of the word SILENCE before. Listen once again, not with your ears, but with your heart. Hark! The voices of the dead ages are speaking to your Soul; not voices like the thunder, nor voices like the whirlwind's shout, but those "still small voices," in whose tones you may also hear the voice of God.

It was a beautiful thing, to see a wayworn and aged man stand up alone, in the center of a Cavern, whose roof, vast and broken, resembled a leaden sky. He was clad in the coarse garb of a slave; a lamp, placed near him, flung a faint glow over his sunburnt face, and hair as white as snow.

And near his feet, as he stood alone upon the summit of a rock, which rose from the shadows, crouched a little child, attired in garments of purple, his mild and lustrous eyes fixed yearningly upon the old man's face; his hands, small and white and beautiful as marble, gently uplifted, as if in the act of prayer.

The old man was not altogether alone. True, he seemed alone, as raised upon the rock, the dim light shone over his aged face, while all the rest of the vast cavern was wrapt in brooding shadow. But an hundred hearts were beating there, beneath that gloomy roof of rock. An hundred forms were kneeling there, upon that floor of stone. An hundred voices rose at once, and in one chorus, from that place of shadow, to the ear of God.

By the wavering light, let us steal up gently to the old man's side and clutch his rude gaberdine, and gaze in silence over the kneeling throng. A strange and various crowd! Yonder, a Roman matron stands, her dark hair gathered plainly aside from her face, while her sombre robe relieves the snowy whiteness of her neck and shoulders. A diamond glitters from the center of her calm forehead. At her side, there kneels a woman of the common people, attired in the unsightly garments of slavery, her hands cramped by labor, her face darkened by the summer sun. Then we behold another group—a black man, a

Roman, and a Jew, kneeling together, their joined hands raised above their heads.

A Maiden next breaks on our gaze; a beautiful and voluptuous form, clad in vestal white, her brown hair, flowing freely over the bosom, which struggles into light, as her voice mingles its low accents with the universal murmur. Near this form, so pure and yet so warm, in its virginal loveliness, crouches a common soldier; a man of scarred face and giant form, whose brawny arms have done the soldier's work of murder in an hundred battles.

And somewhat removed from the mass of the crowd, a Mother kneels. Kneels, alone, her face raised to the light, her loose hair floating along her shoulders, her lips apart, and her large eyes full of light and tears. Upon her breast, undisturbed by the murmur, which fills the cavern, her baby sleeps, clutching one tress of the Mother's hair, as a smile ripples over its face.

The scene fills us with mingled emotions. We admire, we wonder, we shudder, by turns. Now the serene beauty of the Roman matron fixes our gaze, and we could look for ever into her brilliant eyes. Then the Maiden, so warm and loveable, and yet so pure, kneeling in that twilight group, her white robes moving to the impulse of the cavern air, and her eyes shining through the dusky atmosphere—the Maiden wins us; and we shudder to behold her here, in this earth-hidden vault. We traverse the scene with a hurried glance. The almost brutal features of the Negro, the calm, grave lineaments of the Roman, the aquiline visage of the Jew—we survey them all by turns; and last of all, our gaze rests and lingers, upon the kneeling Mother, whose babe smiles and sleeps upon her half-bared breast.

There is a history connected with this scene—tell it to us. Wherefore these hundred human beings, representatives of all classes and races, grouped together like one family, under this sky of rock? Wherefore this aged Slave, standing alone,—a cherub-boy crouching at his feet,—his withered hands outstretched as if to bless these kneeling forms?

Is it a scene of religious worship? There is no cross, nor book, nor altar, here. Not a single picture adorns these rugged rocks; there is no white form of marble in those dreary nooks, which vary the vast cavern walls. Not even an inscription, rudely traced, to tell us the mystery of this scene.

Survey the throng again. A truth steals into your heart and fills you with inexplicable awe. On every face, there lingers one expression—an expression not so much of rapture, as of godlike endurance. That look makes the Maiden seem divine, while it imparts beauty and grace to the Negro's brutal visage.

We would give a year of our existence to know the meaning of that look.

May be, these hundred people are Treasure Hunters, who, led by the aged Slave, have come here to search the cavern vaults for buried Gold. The lust of Gold, the fever of gain,—which like Death levels all classes into one—is the tie, which binds this contrasted crowd together; that is the secret charm which fills every face with a calm and softened rapture.

Is it so?

Let us kneel in the shadows, by this old man's feet, near the boy, who looks so yearningly into his face,—let us kneel and look and listen.

The voice of that old man rises above the universal murmur. "There is warm sunlight, far, far above us, while we are buried in the bosom of the earth. Above us, far, far above, Rome smiles in the summer sun; laughing crowds people her streets; throngs of gay worshippers line her temples; and there, Nero the Emperor sits in his Golden Palace. Above us, my brothers, my sisters, my children, all is sunshine and life—here is nothing but darkness and death. Come! Let us depart!"

He was a withered old man, and yet his voice penetrated every nook of the cavern.

There was no answer to his words, save the universal murmur which swelled from every lip.

The old man moved as though about to descend from the rock, but the boy clutched his coarse robe, and whispered, "Stay! Father! Stay!"

"Thou callest me Father!" said the aged one, with a sad smile—"How is this? Thou art a noble Roman's child—and I am but a Slave and the Son of a Slave?"

But the Boy, whose eyes grew brighter, only clutched his robe more firmly with his little hands and looked more earnestly into his eyes, and whispered: "There is neither Lord nor Slave. We are of one family, and the Father of one, is also the Father of us all."

Again the aged Slave stretched forth his hands—

"Why do ye linger? Know ye not, that to linger here is to die? To die, not by cord, or cross, or steel, but by the most horrible of all deaths—by the slow agonies of STARVATION. Hasten, my friends. Let us leave this place. It is but the work of a moment. Yonder, at the extremity of the cavern, behold an iron door. Beside that door waits Nero's minister, a noble Lord, attired gaily in purple and gold. Advance to the door, stretch forth a hand and speak but a word, and ye are saved!"

Again there was no answer save the universal murmur. Not a footstep was heard, nor did a single form separate from the kneeling throng.

"The word is very simple," continued the old man; "it is but to say—I pray the *Felon* who died upon the Cross. I disavow his name, and scorn the Treason which he taught."

The air of the vault lifted the white hairs of the Slave; the lamp cast its red beams upon his face.

Still his appeal was answered by that universal murmur.

"We believe in the Christ who died upon the Cross"—these were the separate words of that chorus—"We believe in the words which he spoke in Nazareth—*The Spirit of Jehovah is upon me, to preach good tidings to the poor, sight to the blind, liberty to the bond, peace to them that are bruised, and to all, the acceptable year of the Lord.*"

The old man veiled his face in his thin hands, while the Boy stole gently up and wiped the tears away, as they fell between his withered fingers.

"And for this Christ, ye are willing to be enclosed in this vault, which is at once your Common Temple and your Common Grave?" the aged slave exclaimed, as his bosom was rent by sobs—"I am old; death is but the pang of a moment to me. But you, Mother, with your babe upon your breast—can you endure the slow agonies of starvation? Days will pass, and nights, but here, shut in by one eternal night, you will only hear the wail of your child, and feel him tugging at your wasted breast. Can you endure this for Christ? No—no—no! Deny this Christ and gain the sunlight and the air of heaven!"

And with a tremulous lip, the Mother rose, and came forward to the light, and lifted her babe from her bosom. An hundred eyes grew dim with tears, as the lamp revealed the sight. Her eyes were lifted to the leaden roof; and with her outspread hand, she raised her babe above her head.

"There is sunshine here," she said in a low, solemn voice, "and here is Heaven!"

And then she placed her babe upon her bosom, and knelt beside the rock, on which the old man stood.

"But you, beautiful Maiden," cried the Slave, flinging his hands over his white hairs: "You who are so young, so beautiful! Go forth! Beyond that iron gate lies a glorious world, strewn with flowers. Go forth. Love—marry—yes, adorn the couch of the great Emperor—yield yourself to any shame—rather than linger in this place of death."

Gently the young woman glided over the floor of rock. She came in all her loveliness, and parted the brown hair aside from her voluptuous face.

"I am but young," she said, "and very weak, but Christ will be my strength. This cavern is dark and chill, but it is better to suffer in the Cavern with those who are born to suffer, than to dwell in the Palace, with those who only live to kill."

She knelt beside the Mother, murmuring the name of the Felon who died upon the Cross.

Then the aged Slave, overwhelmed by his emotions, turned from face to face, and besought these people of the cavern to leave the place of death, and by a simple word—gain the regions of the upper air. One by one they passed before the old man, and gave their answer.

"Christ who died on the Cross said that all men were alike the children of God," exclaimed the Negro, as he passed along—"I was but a brute before me spoke, and now I feel that I—even I—the negro and the slave—am a part of eternity."

And thus, as one by one they spoke—Soldier, Jew, proud Roman matron and woman of the common people—every voice mingled with some word of blessing the name of the Felon who died upon the Cross. It was as though that name "*Jesus our Deliverer*" filled the cavern-world with sunshine, and even through the say of rock lighted up a way to a sky of deathless radiance to a better world. There was a wondrous, yea, an awful Power in that name. Even the Boy, whose rosy cheek did not witness more than ten years of life, shone with a new existence, as the Name thrilled from his lips.

The aged Slave wiped the tears from his eyes. Seating himself upon the rock, with the lamp by his side, he silently gazed into the faces of these human beings who encircled him. A thought, as real as it was terrible, stood up before his soul; a vivid and tangible horror.

"No food, no drink! Here, shut up within these walls of rock, we are to remain until we die. This cavern will be the grave of an hundred souls. Death on the battle-field, death by fever or by sword, yes, death by slow and lingering poison, were a blessing to a Death like this. A day will pass—hunger will gnaw the vitals of these robust men. They will become mad. They will rend the air with curses. A second day! The fever of starvation will burn like liquid fire in the veins of these beautiful women. A third day—my heart dies in me at the thought. The Mother will feed upon the babe which now nestles on her breast. The negro, transformed into a demoniac, will rend the limbs of this maiden, and quench his thirst with her fevered blood. The cavern air will throb with shouts of fiendish murder; these men will fight with each other, for a loathsome meal; eyes wan with famine will glut over the dying pangs of sister, wife and mother, and ere the last corpse is cold, the mad grasp of starvation will tear it into fragments."

This was the thought which the aged Slave dared not speak in words.

But the Boy, watching the gloom that came over his wrinkled brow, and imparted a sadder luster to his eyes, crept up to him, and said in a low voice—

"What were these words which you told us yesterday, when Nero pronounced our doom? *When two or three are gathered in my name, there will I be, and that to bless.*"

There came a smile upon the old man's lips; he gazed around, with a cheerful, yes, a radiant look, and then exclaimed in an accent of singular rapture—

"Brothers! Sisters! Children! Listen while I tell the history of our Lord. When he was stretched upon the Cross; when the sky above him was dark, and the earth beneath him shook, as though its heart was rent and torn, in sympathy with his agony—then I was there—I heard his words—I saw his face."

These words, pronounced in a low voice, brought a soul into every face.

They listened to the history which the old man told, and

hung upon every word, as though every word was worth the price of a world.

While the history falls from the lips of the Slave, let us traverse the darkness of this cavern; let us pass beyond the iron door, which fills the narrow crevice, at the cavern's mouth. What do you behold? A chamber, or a cell, furnished in a style of voluptuous splendor. Here, far beneath the earth, far below great Rome and Nero's Golden Palace, we behold a scene, worthy of Nero, in his most sensual hour.

The cell is not very large, but the rude walls are hidden by silken hangings, whose pale red hue reminds us of daybreak in an Italian sky. A fire of cinnamon and citron wood, built in a crevice, chases the damps away, and fills the cell with a misty incense and voluptuous perfume. The very atmosphere of the place breathes of sensual languor. A lamp, fragrant with perfumed oil and extended by the hand of a marble Venus, fills the cell with soft and rosy light. There is a couch in the center, a couch of luxurious purple, strown with sweet-scented flowers, and near the couch a table of blood-red marble, with a golden goblet gleaming from its surface. The richly sculptured cup blushes to the very brim with wine,—wine such as Nero drinks, when he plans some joyous murder—and around are grouped the richest viands—viands such as Nero ate, when he feasted beside the reeking corpse of his Mother.

The occupant of the cell! Behold him reclining on the couch, one hand touching the stem of the goblet, while the other lifts that cluster of golden grapes, between his eyes and the light. Is it not a glorious picture of youth and health? Did painter ever paint, did sculptor ever carve a nobler image of manly beauty? His fair complexion, and Roman features, are relieved by hair and beard, whose color reminds you of sunshine or of gold. His eyes are large—set far apart—and blue as the serenest sky. There is a warm sensual glow upon his cheeks; his lips, parting as if with some voluptuous thought, speak the warmth, the luxurious appetites of his being. His limbs—beautiful and graceful as those which the sculptor gives to Apollo—are disposed in an attitude of animal repose; you never saw a more perfect ideal of the Sybarite.

Then his attire; attire in fact that Nero might have worn when he saw Rome in flames, and merrily hurled some hundreds of base fanatics into the vortex of the amphitheater, by way of atonement for his own deed.

A tunic of purple clothes the prominent chest of the young Lord, and falls to his knees. Over this tunic he wears a long robe, whose light azure is sprinkled with points of gold. Around his neck a scarf, whose soft crimson only makes his snow-white throat seem more pale and woman-like.

And this is the Lord Lucius, the friend of Nero, who has agreed to tenant this luxurious cell, hidden beneath the foundations of Rome, until——

But the story must be told in the gay colloquy of the glorious Sybarite;

"By Apollo and by Nero," he exclaims, swearing by his favorite Gods, "Twas a merry wager! I am to act as sentinel before yonder iron door, until these fanatics are starved to death; or until the fairest of them all, the Maiden whom Nero desires for his bed, shall deny her Malice, and solicit the mercy of the Emperor."

He speaks of the pure maiden, with the voluptuous form, whom we let in the awful cavern, kneeling at the feet of the aged slave.

"Sylvia is beautiful, Sylvia is young. Sylvia's veins are fired with patrician blood. In that door, huge and cumbersome as it is, there is a smaller door. How long will it be ere Sylvia's hand pushes aside the smaller door, and Sylvia's face, shining through the aperture, glows into new loveliness, as her sweet voice denies her new God, and prays for Nero's Mercy? No many hours, by Nero and Apollo!"

He smiled, and devoured the golden grapes one by one, and suffered the blood-red wine to glide slowly down his throat, until his veins were heated with a luxurious warmth.

It is a beautiful contrast.

Here, the perfumed chamber, and the young Lord, attired in robes of purple, with wine-cup in his fair hand—and yonder—separated by an iron door, one hundred human beings, who have already commenced their own funeral hymn.

A wondrous iron door!

On one side, youth, luxury, rich fool and gorgeous apparel—all embodied in the form of a solitary man—on the other cold, damp, starvation, a hundred men and women and children, dying by inches, under a granite sky.

Does this amaze you? Reflect. Think, only for a moment. What is the great world itself, but a luxurious chamber, and a charnel-vault, only separated from each other by an Iron Door, sometimes called Custom, Law, and often in a lively way, Religion?

One man feasts in the perfumed chamber. This is the Rich Man. Meanwhile one hundred men and women and children starve to death in the charnel-vault: die by minute agonies under a sky of rock; die in darkness, their groans, muffled by the Iron Door, affording sweet music to the Rich Man in the next chamber. Of course, these hundred are the Poor—the Poor—only the Poor.

Suppose the next day were some day to fling their weight against the iron door, and burst into the chamber where the one is feasting—feasting so deliciously! But you must never suppose any thing like this; avoid such blasphemy.

For sometimes the Rich Man, tired of his teasing, tired of the very monotony of sensual enjoyment, arises from his couch, and slides back the smaller door—in the great iron door—and looks in upon the slow death of the hundred starving ones. Protected by this huge Iron Door, he looks through the crevice, and tells the Children of Starvation, how religious, how legal, it is, for them to starve. How well it harmonizes with the organization of society. How beautiful it is, considered simply as a moral spectacle; and how touching as a model of the picturesque, for painters and sculptors. May he sneers at their agony—or, drollest joke of all—details some pleasant Theory, by following which they may escape starvation, and while he tells his theory, they only the more surely starve to death. The Rich Man is benevolently jocular. These starving ones, it is true, want no Theory; advice is but a poor kind of bread; Philosophy a sorry sort of roof-peg; they want only one practical effort, one deed alone, and that——
the rousing action of the Iron Door.

The Rich Man knows this; but—shall he share his luxurious chamber with a hundred of his brothers and sisters? Speak of it, write of it, utter it in the faintest hint, and you shall see your Rich Man grow pale and shiver, as he covers you with curses, and bids you starve, Rebel, Socialist, Dog and—Poor Man—that you are.

There is a world of meaning in this Iron Door. Only gaze upon it for a little while—only feel the luxury on one side of it, and the starvation on the other—only, I beseech you—behold the Charnel and the Chamber, which it separates, and yet will regard it as a kind of dumb miracle, who has a word for all mankind.

Sometimes the Rich Man, looking through the crevice, or wicker in the great iron door, summons some starving wretch to deny his God, and then uncloses to the miserably-sentient all the warmth and luxury of his own chamber. And the Man, relieved from starvation, opens the wicker, and sneers at his late companions. Sometimes—again—a Rich Man, who is not altogether drunken with the atmosphere of wealth, wishes to uncloset the door, so that every one of the Hundred may come forth, and share his viands, and taste of his Comforts, but then there are always other Rich Men on the alert,

who keep their Brother from a foolish thing, and securely close the Iron Door, and bolt it fast.

Of all things in the world, let me beseech you to study the Mystery of the Iron Door.

But let us return to Lord Lucius, the Roman Noble, the friend of Nero, who has agreed to guard the Iron Door until the Hundred have denied their Christ or starved to death. A mild glow stole over his face, as the luscious wine pervaded his blood, and rising from his couch, he glided gently to the Iron Door, and bent his head close to the wicket. A low, murmuring sound, came through the huge mass of iron.

"Starvation has begun its teachings," murmured Lucius—"Since sunrise they have been without food or drink, and it is now—at least in the upper world—near sunset. A thousand pieces of gold that the beautiful Sylvia will deny, and beg for mercy, and a thousand more, that fifty out of the hundred will follow her example! The wager was made at our last debauch. I shall win—hark! Murmurs already—By Jove and all the gods, I shall win!"

The murmur came, without ceasing, through the Iron Door. Long the gay Lord listened, until at last his curiosity induced him to push aside the wicket. He looked through the crevice and saw—an hundred human beings dying, in horrible tortures.

No. He saw them, kneeling around the Aged Slave, who told them, in a low voice, the words and deeds of a wondrous history.

The history of God—not a God, nor one of the Gods—but the history of God who made the earth and stars, and who embodied the fulness of his Godhead in the form of a Man. Not the form of King, Rich Man, or Priest, but the form of a Carpenter's Son—

Lucius looked through the aperture, and saw the dim, red light falling upon that circle of silent yet radiant faces, with the Aged Slave in the center, the Boy at his feet, and the beautiful Maiden by his side. And Lucius found himself strangely interested in the History:—

How God took upon himself the form of Toil, and lived for thirty-three years among the sick, the suffering, and the Poor, and died at last upon the Felon's Cross, so that the Poor might have their portion of this earth, and a sure hope of Life in a Better World.

Lucius the Lord heard something like this, from the lips of the Slave, and closed the wicket. He sat him on his couch, and fixed his eyes on the floor. Near his hand the goblet, but it was untouched. Thoughts as new as they were wonderful began to stir in his sensual brain. The history, told by the old Slave, filled him with an indescribable emotion. A God, not like the Gods of Greece and Rome, who even excelled Nero in falsehood and debauchery, who were Gods only for the Rich, but a God who took upon himself a Poor Man's shape, lived for the Poor Man, and for the Poor Man died in horrible agony. Lucius the Lord began to think.

"And they will starve to death for the sake of this God! They,—the men and women, the hideous and the beautiful, the slave and the noble,—they will starve to death together? Will they?"

Lucius drained the goblet, but it seemed to him as if the wine was bitter with the blood of an hundred human beings.

"More wine, slave," he called, and from the hangings his Slave came from an adjoining chamber, and filled his cup, and then disappeared like a ghost. But the wine was nauseous. The very viands seemed stained and clotted with the blood of the Boy, who knelt in the Cavern at the feet of an old man.

Lucius slept, and when he again unclosed his eyes, a murmuring sound stole on his ears. Again, to the wicket. The lamp in the cavern was dying away, yet by its waning light he saw those wan faces, still grouped about the white-haired Slave. Again he listened. The story of a Rich Man who came to the Christ, and besought Life Eternal at his hands. "Sell all thou

hast and give to the Poor; and follow me." Lucius gazed through the crevice, even as the light of the cavern flickered and went out, in darkness, and saw an hundred faces lifted to the rocky sky, and heard a hundred voices mingling in a joyous song. The voices of Sylvia, and the Boy, mingling with the tones of the Mother, the Negro, and the Slave. A hymn, pealing to the cavern roof, every burst of solemn and yet joyful melody ending with His Name; the Christ of Calvary!

The Lord Lucius closed the wicket with a curse, and flung himself upon the couch, and steeped his soul in wine—more wine—until the cell spun round, and his drunken shouts drowned the echoes of the funeral hymn.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

INDEPENDENT CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

COLISEUM, 450 BROADWAY.

T. L. HARRIS, Pastor.

THE UNIVERCELUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

THIS Weekly Journal differs in character, in some important respects, from any periodical published in the United States, or even in the world. An interior or spiritual philosophy, comprehensively explaining the character and operations of natural laws, accounting for their exterior phenomena and results, and showing the tendencies of all things to higher spheres of existence, is the basis on which it rests. It is a bold inquirer into all truths pertaining to the relations of mankind to each other, to the external world, and to the Deity; a fearless advocate of the theology of Nature, irrespective of the sectarian dogmas of men; and its Editors design that it shall, in a charitable and philosophic, yet firm and unflinching spirit, expose and denounce wrong and oppression wherever found, and inculcate a thorough Reform and reorganization of society on the basis of NATURAL LAW.

In its PHILOSOPHICAL DEPARTMENTS, among many other themes which are treated, particular attention will be bestowed upon the general subject of

PSYCHOLOGY,

or the science of the human Soul; and interesting phenomena that may come under the heads of dreaming, somnambulism, trances, prophecy, clairvoyance, &c., will from time to time be detailed, and their relations and bearings exhibited.

In the EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, a wide range of subjects will be discussed, the establishment of a universal System of Truth the Reform and reorganization of society, being the ultimate object contemplated. A. J. Davis, whose disclosures

FROM THE INTERIOR STATE

have done so much for the cause of social, psychological, and spiritual science, will continue to make *The Univercelum* the vehicle of his highest intuitions. He is at present engaged in the publication of a series of interesting and important articles on

PHYSIOLOGY AND MEDICINE,

and will, from time to time, entertain the readers of the paper with his interior views upon other subjects of interest and practical importance.

The paper also has a department for GENERAL MISCELLANY, devoted to moral tales, items, and other light reading of general interest.

THE "UNIVERCELUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER," is edited by an Association, and numbers among its correspondents writers of the first order of talent. It is published every Saturday, at 235 Broadway, New-York; being neatly printed on a super-royal sheet folded into sixteen pages. Price of subscription \$2, payable in all cases in advance. For a remittance of \$10, six copies will be forwarded. Address, post paid, "UNIVERCELUM," No. 225, Broadway, New York.